but acknowledge greeuous wrongs done to my brother, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.
Within there.

Enter a seruingman.

Huſ. Fill me a bowle of wine. Alas poore brother,
Bruiſed with an execution for my ſake.

Ma. A bruiſe indeed makes many a mortall ſore,
Till the graue cure them. *Enter with wine.*

Huſ. Sir, I begin to you, y'aue chid your welcome:

Mr. I could haue wiſht it better for your ſake,
I pledge you ſir, to the kinde man in priſon.

Huſ. Let it be ſo.
Now Sir, if you ſo pleaſe to ſpend but a few minutes in walking about my grounds below, my man ſhall heere attend you: I doubt not but by that time to be furniſht of a ſufficient anſwere, and therein my Brother fully ſatisfied.

Mr. Good ſir, in that the Angels would be pleaſed, and the worlds murmures calmd, and I ſhould ſay I ſet foorth then vpon a lucky day. *Exit.*

Huſ. Oh thou confuſed man, thy pleaſant ſins haue vndone thee, thy damnation has beggerd thee, that heauen ſhould ſay we muſt not ſin, and yet made women: giues our ſences way to finde pleaſure, which being found, confounds vs, why ſhould wee know thoſe things ſo much miſuſe vs? Oh would vertue had beene forbidden, wee ſhould then haue prooued all vertuous, for tis our blood to loue what wee are forbidden; had not drunkenneſſe beene forbidden, what man would haue beene foole to a beaſt, and za-

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